

Forsbrey, Taken
Without a Fight,
Is Back in Cell

Escaped Convict, 24 Hours
Without Food, Captured
in Railroad Car

Will Be Sent to Clinton

Declares He Had No Accomplishes; Switchman Causes
Capture of Fugitive

AUBURN, N. Y., March 9.—Reynolds Forsbrey, man-killer and notorious jailbreaker, who escaped from Auburn prison on Thursday, is back in his cell. He was caught this morning after getting only twenty miles away in his dash for freedom.

Forsbrey, who had sworn he would never be taken alive, surrendered without a struggle. Twenty-four hours without food had taken all the fight out of him.

Early next week, the Prison Department at Albany announced late tonight, Forsbrey will be taken to Clinton prison, Dannemora, and be confined in isolation. He has already spent three years there in isolation, having been transferred to the prison here only a little more than a year ago.

Forsbrey was caught at Locke, N. Y. He was hiding in a Lehigh Valley Railroad freight car. When the train reached Locke, Forsbrey poked his head out of the car door. A switchman saw him, and believing him to be the escaped convict, telegraphed the prison authorities without telling any of the other railroad men and without letting Forsbrey know he had been seen.

Guards Rushed on Special Train
A special train was made up here at once and several prison guards were rushed to Locke. On their arrival the car in which their quarry was hiding was pointed out, and with drawn revolvers and rifles they surrounded it. Then Forsbrey was ordered to surrender.

There was a moment's delay and then the door of the car slid back and Forsbrey, with his hands over his head, jumped to the ground. He was promptly handcuffed, hustled to the special train and an hour later his cell door clanged shut after him.

The capture of Forsbrey ended the greatest man hunt in this part of the state since the escape of Perry, the train robber, several years ago. State troops, detectives, prison officials and county authorities had been searching Central New York for forty-eight hours. One posse was within two miles of Locke when the capture was made.

Forsbrey, if he is telling the truth, managed his escape easily. He was examined in his cell to-night by Warden H. R. Kinney, but refused to tell how he got possession of the saw he used.

OBEY YOUR DOCTOR

You must sleep to stay well! This coffee won't keep you awake nights!

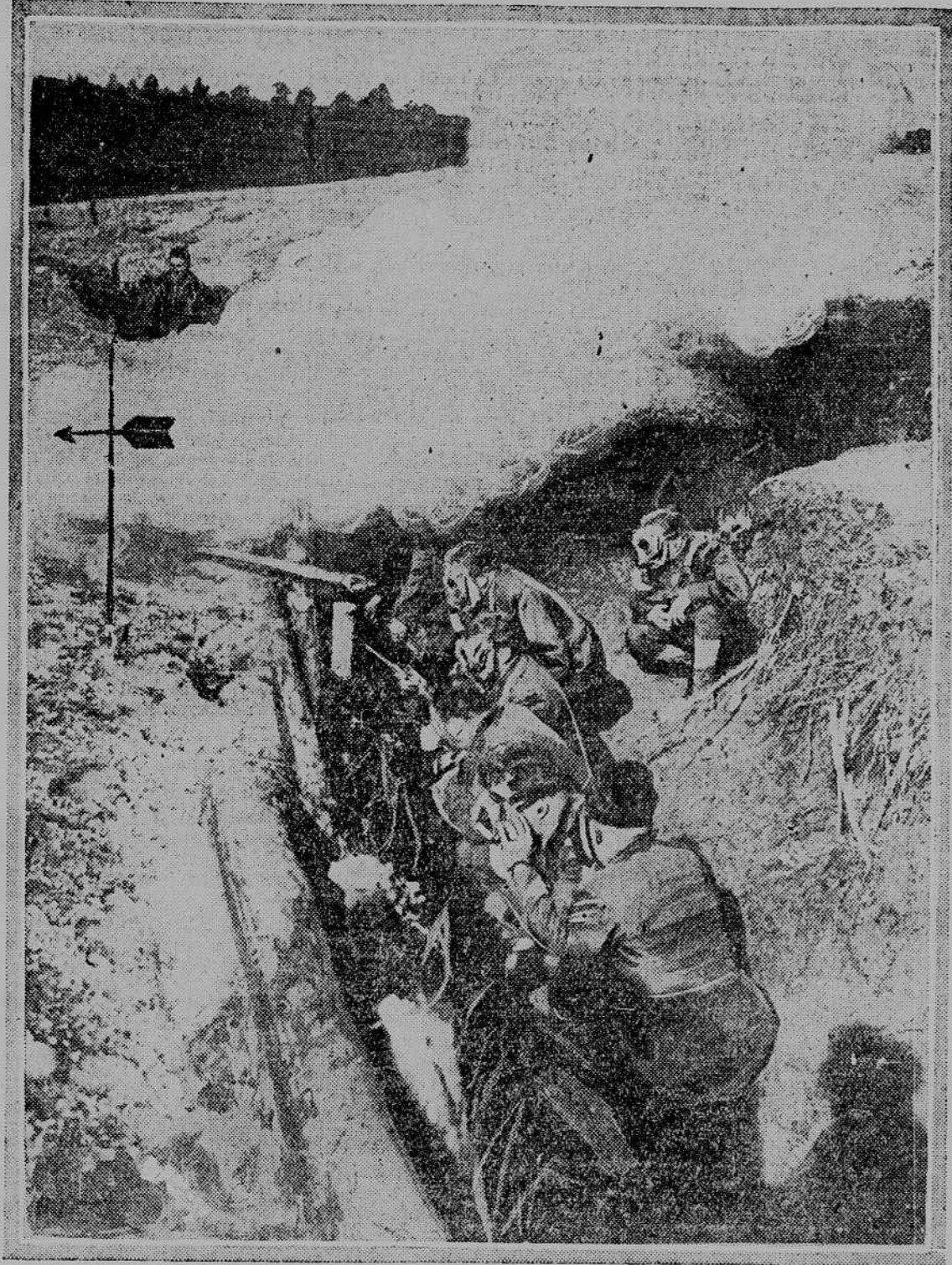
KAFFEEHAG

It is COFFEE from which 95% of the drug—Caffeine, has been removed.

Prepared, roasted and packed in a modern American Plant.

KAFFEEHAG

NATIONAL ARMY MEN IN GAS ATTACK



Soldiers wearing masks in the trenches, facing a practice gas attack at a training camp "somewhere in the United States." The photograph was censored and passed by the Committee on Public Information.

After seeing his way out of his cell, where he had been in solitary confinement, and then through the skylight, he sneaked through the corridors of the prison and into the yard.

Waiting until the guard was at the far end of the wall, he made a rush for it, reached the top and dropped into Wall Street. He told the warden he ran to the Owaseo depot of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, where he stole a passenger's overcoat. Then he returned here, spending the night and all day Friday in hiding.

Early this morning he returned to the Owaseo station and slipped into the freight car in which he was captured. He insists he had no accomplices outside the prison.

Warden Kinney stated to-night that he thought the five prison guards under suspension as a result of Forsbrey's escape would be reinstated soon. State Superintendent of Prisons Carter, who ordered the suspensions, would not discuss the matter.

As soon as word of Forsbrey's capture reached this city the detectives who had been watching the house in Brooklyn of Margaret Ryan, who helped Forsbrey make a sensational escape from the Tombs in 1912, were called in. The authorities had been of the opinion that the man would try to communicate with her.

Throng at Scannell Mass

FREEPORT, L. I., March 9.—About five hundred persons, many of them well known in New York public life, attended the funeral mass here to-day for the late John J. Scannell, former Fire Commissioner of New York City. The Rev. John L. O'Toole, rector of the Church of the Redeemer, officiated. He was assisted by the Rev. Edward Boyle, of Hempstead, and the Rev. John Galvin, of Beldmore.

Among those who attended the mass were Charles E. Murphy, former Fire Chief Edward Croker, Thomas McAvoy, Thomas F. Smith, Richard Hayes, Philip Donohue, Lewis Nixon, John E. Curry, John R. Voorhees, Henry W. Unger, George W. Plunkett, Patrick Craig, Louis Bassett, Frank Scannell, William Walton, Judge John B. Mayo, John N. Wise and Captain John Hartman.

Michael W. Whelan

[Special Correspondence]
SYRACUSE, March 9.—Michael W. Whelan, one of the founders of the United Cigars Stores Company, died at noon to-day at his home, 614 East Genesee Street, after several months' illness. Death was due to heart disease with complications. Starting as a clerk in a cigar stand here, Mr. Whelan, with Edward D. Lewis, in 1893 bought out the store in which he was employed. This store was for years a political headquarters of Onondaga County and parent store of the United Cigar chain. He shortly after bought another store here, placing George J. Whelan, his brother, in charge. Other stores were acquired from time to time in this and other cities, until they were operating nearly a thousand in all parts of the country. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Katherine Whelan; three sons, Frederick D., Robert D. and Robert J. Whelan, and four brothers, David, John, Charles and George J. Whelan.

Colonel John A. Wildrick

NEWARK, N. J., March 9.—Colonel John A. Wildrick, Civil War veteran and three times member of the Legislature from Warren County, died here yesterday at the home of his cousin, Mrs. George D. Swain. He was born in 1838 at Blairtown, N. J., and answered the first call for volunteers in 1861. He became a lieutenant colonel of the 25th New Jersey, but was captured and kept in Libby Prison for a year.

Charles C. Duffield

OIL CITY, Penn., March 9.—Charles C. Duffield, who is said to have compiled the first oil report ever published, died in Cleveland yesterday at the age of eighty years, according to word received here to-day. Duffield is said to have obtained the figures for the report by means of a canoe trip up the Allegheny River and Oil Creek. The report was published in 1860.

Study the HELP WANTED ADS in today's (Sunday) Tribune—You'll find profitable move. Turn to the Classified Advertising Columns now—Advt.

Politicians See Themselves
As City Hall Scribes See Them

The Association of City Hall Reporters, comprising most of the local political wisacres on the various newspapers, went back to the good old "Vagary school system" which flourished in the late Fusion administration, in staging their annual "stunt dinner" at the Hotel Astor last night. Mayor Hyman and all his commissioners were forced to overcome their bashfulness and appear in knickerbockers before the "school marm" and learn their lessons.

The "dinner" this year could hardly be called such, as it was most properly Hooverized, and resolved itself into a smoker, with a late supper. The lid was on for food conservation, but it was blown sky high to allow the escape of jokes and hot shot hurled against all present and recently past city officeholders. Most of the prominent members of the new Tammany administration and the recent Mitchell administration and some others were present to enjoy the thrills.

For the first time in years the Mayor himself missed the dinner, Mr. Hyman not being present. There were about 350 guests.

On Hyman Schedule
The guests were all told to be on hand promptly at 9 o'clock, in accordance with the rule of the Hyman administration. Promptly at the stroke of 9 a huge school bell announced the opening of the classes, and all the guests entered the main room, where the educational work of the evening was carried on. School opened by a salute to the colors and the singing of the national anthem. Then the fun was on.

The stage was set like the interior of the proverbial "little old red schoolhouse," with the old-time individual desks, blackboard well marked up, the dunces stool and all the other requisites.

The Fusion class on political economy furnished the basis for the verbal shrapnel of the first scene. This was followed by the Tammany class, not quite so cultivated. The scholars, representing various political leaders, were dressed in the regulation school boy suits, the "sissie kind" for the Fusion crowd and the "tough boy" outfit for the Tammany gang. The last scene was a "burglarying burlesque" on the Board of Estimate, at which Father Knickerbocker was blackjacked by Mayor Hyman, who was assisted in relieving him of all his worthwhile belongings by the other members of the Board of Estimate, after which the spoils were divided among them.

While some of the scholars were reciting in the Fusion scene "Bad Boy Bennett" sneaked up to the blackboard and wrote the following verse:
Bugher, Bugher, was so pugher,
Now he's out and out of the
Three weeks on a tiger's skin.
When instructed to erase the verse

Willie Bennett protested he had no eraser, and Sammie Koenig couldn't lend him one because the grand jury had taken away the only one he had. All the rest of the pupils immediately offered erasers, however, with the simple statement that they carried them always, being good Republicans. Then Sammie Koenig was permitted to sing a song explaining the situation at the primaries last fall, partly as follows:
Fusion Committee, asleep at the switch,
Sure it was easy to reflect Mitch;
Counted Republican primary won't
Confident, very, so nothing was done;
When the inspectors to count did proceed,
Bennet at once seemed to be in the lead;
Messengers quickly to telephone spoke,
Asked for instructions, and here's what was said:
Erase it! Erase it!
I wish that Bill Bennett
Was back in the Senate,
Don't lose 'em! We'll use 'em!
Just change enough votes to put
Mitchel ahead.

Bobbie Adamson was speaking a piece when Mrs. Swann burst into the schoolroom looking for her boys, Johnny Dooling and Jimmie Smith, only to find they had been excused to attend a picnic given by Honest John Kelly.

No sooner had this interruption ended than a pupil rushed in with the information that an aeroplane was headed that way. A whirling noise was heard, then a crash, and a gun dropped on the floor of the schoolroom, followed by other articles, and then a military aviator, in uniform, fell through the ceiling to the floor. It proved to be Mayor Mitchell, out for the altitude record, who had fallen from a height of 123,000 votes, with the result his feelings were terribly lacerated.

The teacher sent for the school janitor to fix the major up, and when the janitor appeared the major discovered him to be none other than Bill Prodergast. Before the class was put through its pace a visitor from Albany was announced, and Frank A. Tierney, president of the Legislative Correspondents' Association, sang a special song to the air of "It's a Great Day to-night for the Irish." A verse and the chorus of the song follow:
Sure the Deirmans, Tom and Billy, landed
Johnny Gilchrist has a license to take pride,
Johnny Coughy's Under Sheriff, Jimmy Hagan's gone aloft,
And a Jom'd uncivil chap is Jim MacBride.
We have planted John Delaney where he'll get the best results,
And have looked out for the Sinnott, and son and dad,
Though he really hadn't oughter, Nicky Hayes is taking water,
And Al Smith, he isn't in so very bad.
'Tis a great day to-night for the Irish.

For genuine REAL ESTATE OPPORTUNITIES turn now to the Classified Advertising Columns of today's SUNDAY TRIBUNE

French Aerial Warfare Paintings Attract Throng

M. Andre Tardieu and Governor Whitman Among Spectators at Exhibit

Mon Dieu, comme il y avait du monde!—in other words, there was a very large attendance at the opening of the French Aerial Warfare Exhibit at the Anderson Galleries yesterday.

M. Andre Tardieu, the French High Commissioner, came from Washington for the occasion. Governor and Mrs. Whitman came from the St. Regis Hotel, escorted by Commandant Tulane, Mrs. Chanler, Lieutenant Farré and Mr. Woodhouse. Mrs. J. Magee was there, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Maynard, Baron Charles Huard, Alan Hawley, F. Crowninshield, Marquis and Marquise de Polignac, G. D. Smith and many other well-known persons.

After a time the crowd became so dense that only those who were very close could view the paintings with any appreciation; but then there were the ensembles of French, British, Italian, Belgian and American uniforms to admire; also the beautiful Lina Cavalieri, her noted husband, Lucien Muratore, and other representatives of the American and French theatrical world. Speeches were made by Mr. Hawley, Governor Whitman and M. Tardieu, but Lieutenant Farré caught the wave of enthusiasm on the crest with a charming little talk in French, which brought an outburst of applause.

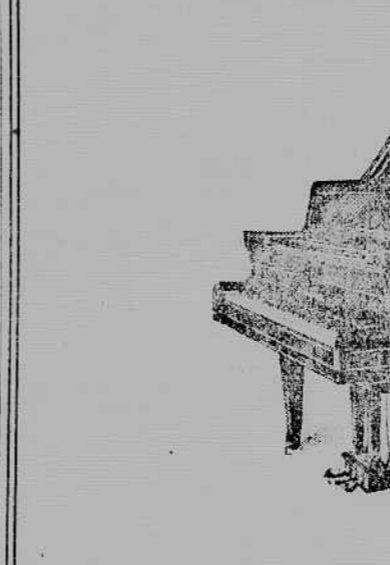
Many flying corps were represented—the French, the Lafayette, British Royal and Royal Italian, of which Captain Hugo d'Annunzio was the representative.

The paintings by Lieutenant Farré sent by the French government. As historical documents they are novel, as pictures they are thrilling. The portraits are well executed, showing French and American aviators in their picturesque caps, a very bearing black crepe bows.

Captain George Guynemer's portrait attracted much attention with "Mort au champ d'honneur" written across it and the flags of the Allies above it. Sensitive to a degree, but heroic and indomitable, his face looks out of the canvas fearlessly; and though the black bow of crepe is there, he will always live in the hearts of the French as their idol, their "ace of aces," who fought 800 battles and brought down eighty-four German airplanes.

The exhibition will remain open for the next ten days. The admission fee is 50 cents, the proceeds going to children of French aviators killed in the war.

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Music is one of the greatest safeguards for the family.

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It is a national necessity.

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On the Screen

If there is any one in America who does not believe that we are going to win the war, let him visit the Broadway Theatre and be convinced. The picture which is being shown there is called "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin," but it is not a terrifying beast, which struts around on the screen.

It is rather a Chantecler who succeeds only in deceiving himself as to his ability to make the sun rise at his call.

It is a Kaiser with a withered arm, a Kaiser who is struck in the face by one of his own captains, a Kaiser who loves rings and bracelets and fair women and a Kaiser who listens abashed to the ravings of a madman.

The title role is played by Rupert Julian, who also directed the picture. The likeness of the Kaiser is remarkable, and Mr. Julian has undoubtedly done what he set out to do—rob the Kaiser of his terrors.

He has divested him of all majesty and presents him as a victorious, pompous, conceited, petty and cruel man, whom one could hate but never fear.

Such important persons as Robert Gordon and Nigel de Brullier, killed off in the first reel, only goes to show how prodigal they are with their stars in the new picture.

Elmo Lincoln, who will always be Tarzan of the Apes to every one, is Marcus the blacksmith. He appears wearing a mustache and possessed of a beautiful daughter, Ruth Clifford, and a nice old mother, Ruth Lafayette.

The picture could not be called a story of the war, although the desolation of Belgium is shown and the terrible treatment of the gentle, peace-loving people by the invading Huns. The end of the war is predicted, and while one feels that this is rather taking liberties with history, it is pleasant to see the Kaiser turned over to King Albert of Belgium, to do with as he wishes, and finally to see him interned in a gaol with Marcus, the blacksmith, as his gaoler.

There are some remarkable character portrayals. For instance, Ambassador Gerard, by Joseph Girard; Alfred Allen as General Pershing; H. Barrows as General Haig and Harry Holden as General Joffre.

A band from the U. S. S. Recruit

paraded from Union Square to the theatre, where a special concert was given.

Among those who attended the opening performance were Rear Admiral Nathaniel S. Usher and staff, Rear Admiral Little, Captain Urshora and staff, from the battleship Des Moines; Commander Adams, U. S. N.; Major H. H. Kinn, Mrs. Marguerite Crumpacker, Commander Woman's Auxiliary for the occasion; Governor and Mrs. Whitman, U. S. N.; Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Mr. and Mrs. James Montgomery Flagg, Mary Garden, Julia Marlowe, Amelia Hingham, Colonel Walter H. Chatfield, Colonel Wells, of the 7th Regiment; Burr McIntosh, Marie Shaw, well, Mrs. William Cummins Story, and Leslie Robert Julian, Mrs. Arthur Chester and Police Commissioner Enright.



A Chic Blouse, Wool Embroidered, \$5.75

The essence of daintiness is this Blouse of flesh or tan Georgette embroidered in old blue; also in white with pink embroidery. Note the round neck and Oriental sleeve.

Beaded Georgette Blouse, flesh and white, \$7.50

Crepe de Chine Blouse, with Tuxedo collar, \$4.50

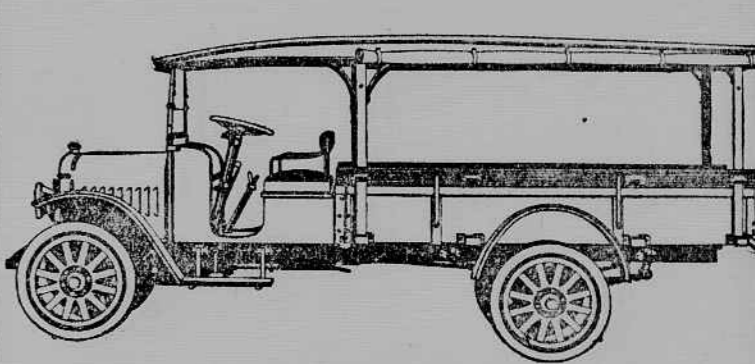
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